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The Gadfly of Light

By Austin F. Lewis

DICK STORY, after his hour's fruitless tramp across the high veldt, was glad to lean his heavy gun against the boulder by the water pools and seat himself for a short rest. Though the African sun was still hidden by a thin veil of clouds now yielding the last drops of the customary afternoon shower, it was hot on this elevated plateau of British East Africa, and Dick wiped the perspiration from his forehead as he lifted his thick pith helmet.

He had arrived so recently from America that everything in this strange new land still held for him the excitement of novelty. The herds of springbok, wildebeest, and zebra that fed upon the rolling, grassy uplands had appealed to the hunter in him. His uncle, manager of a large coffee plantation, had finally consented to his taking one of the cars to drive the few miles to the edge of the antelope country.

"Plenty of lions there, too, though they seldom come out in the daytime," his uncle had told him in a final word of warning. "They are a peaceable lot and are not dangerous if let alone."

"Oh, I guess I can take care of myself, lions or no lions," laughed Dick. "I've hunted in the Rocky Mountains and know something about dangerous wild animals, but I'll warrant there'll be no such luck as getting sight of a lion."

He had left his car back at the end of the road, and now, after an hour of tramping, he had about decided that he would be lucky to get sight of any game at all.

If there was no game, there were at least plenty of tracks, for most of the earth about the pools was trampled bare with the hoofs of the grazing herds as they came to water. There were no trees near, but clumps of rank grass, and in some of the shallow margins a growth of tall African reeds.

Dick had not seen these before, and he looked them over with curiosity, cutting

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Learning By Our Failures

Some boys and girls are very much ashamed to acknowledge that they have failed in anything that they set out to do. They imagine that everybody is looking down upon them because of some blunder that they committed.

Now there is nothing to be ashamed of in making a mistake. We all do it. But we should try not to make the *same* mistake over again. The people who acknowledge their mistakes and try not to repeat them are the ones who are learning every day. They get into the habit of correcting themselves.

I came across the story of a gentleman who lived in the Sixteenth Century who taught his son the Greek Alphabet by putting the letters on a target. The boy was given a bow and arrows and told to shoot at one letter after another. As the Greek letters were named he must shoot.

I think that was a very good way to learn Greek or anything else. We have to learn to take aim, and then to correct our aim. At first the arrow will fly wide of the mark, but no matter: the next time we will do better. Practice makes perfect. The person who is eager after every failure to know *why* he has failed, and who then wants to try again, is on the road to success.

(Signed) SAMUEL M. CROTHERS.

This word of encouragement by Dr. Crothers to THE BEACON readers is the third in the series of articles by leaders who are prominent in public life, because of their devotion to the progress and development of humanity.

Dr. Crothers was graduated from Wittenberg College and the Harvard Divinity School. For more than thirty years (since 1894), he has been the minister of the First Church (Unitarian) in Cambridge, Mass. He has been preacher to Harvard University, and as one man expressed it, "Has been a real father to the Harvard boys." He has received a number of honorary degrees from colleges in recognition of what he has done, and he has written many magazine articles and has published a number of books. These accomplishments, great as they are, do not compare to his fine spirit, warm cordiality, and desire to "be a friend to man."

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The Gadfly of Light

(Continued from page 93)

one and glancing down its hollow length. "These must be the kind I have read about the pigmies using to making their blow-guns of," he thought, as he stuck one end in the water and blew a vigorous stream of bubbles. He had not yet had time to realize the immensity of the Dark Continent and that the nearest pigmies were at least a thousand miles away to the west.

The pool by which he was kneeling shelved down to about a five-foot depth, and through the clear water he could see a pair of fat, gray-backed fish floating lazily just above the gravelly bottom. He was an experienced swimmer and he felt much inclined to strip for a refreshing plunge.

"But, maybe, just then some antelope would show up and I'd lose my chance," he told himself. "I'd better stay hunter for to-day." He contented himself with pushing his hollow reed deep into the water and blowing a blast of bubbles at the startled fish that darted away in panic.

"I'll have to be tramping again in a minute," he thought, as he sat on the stone and laid his gun across his knees.

At the top of the rise above, his eye caught the moving speck of brown, and he slid at once down behind the screen of the boulder.

"It must be some animal coming down to drink. I wonder if it will be a big wildebeest or only a little springbok."

As the wind was blowing from the creature there was no telltale scent to warn it, and the speck grew to a massive head that made Dick draw in his breath sharply. Here was no slim, meek antelope face, but the broad, shaggy forefront of a lion!

Dick, tensely crouched behind his shelter, waited until the big beast paced majestically down the slope into easy range, then with a nervous tug he fired. With the roar of the gun the lion gave a great bound, but the big, soft-nosed bullet had only grazed his skull.

Dick rose in his excitement and again pulled the trigger. There was no report, the shell was a dud. What was worse, it was wedged in the breech and resisted the jerk of the extractor. The gun, when most needed, was useless.

The lion was no longer the majestically pacing king of beasts. He recognized Dick as his foe, the source of the attempt on his life, and was transformed into a hurtling projectile of fury. Dick had only a couple of seconds in which to act.

A last tug at the rifle showed it was hopelessly jammed. He already knew there were no trees near. But one possibility of escape remained—the water. As he dropped the gun his hand touched and

instinctively closed upon the leaning reed, and then he dived into the middle of the pool as the charging lion halted himself at the edge, amid a shower of gravel. Touching the bottom, the lad grasped a loose stone to steady himself, then turned slowly upon his back and looked up. Through the clear layers of water he could see the lion standing on the margin lashing his sides with his tail and staring down at him with blazing eyes. The minute or more that the boy knew he could hold his breath gave him time to think. He felt confident he was safe where he was, as the big cat, though able to swim well if necessary, certainly would not know how to dive. But the pool was too small for him to swim out of danger, and when he raised his head to breathe there was the probability that the lion would spring upon him.

He glanced around and saw the forgotten reed still clinched tightly in his left hand. That was it, of course. The thought of its use must have been present deep in his subconscious mind all the time, else why in a moment of such great haste and danger had his hand grasped and held it? It was long enough to reach several inches above the surface of the water and there was no reason why he could not breathe through it successfully, if he had air enough in his lungs to blow out the water with which the tube was now filled.

Placing the loose stone on his body, to hold him down he put the end of the upright reed in his lips and, with the other hand closing his nostrils, began to blow. He could see the jet of water that spurted from the upper end and splashed back to the surface. When his lungs were almost empty the resistance suddenly broke and the last of the liquid went out in spray leaving the tube clear for the fresh air he greedily sucked in.

With the immediate danger past, Dick could look around him again and speculate on how it was all going to turn out. The lion, also, seemed somewhat puzzled by the turn things had taken. He had probably never seen his game escape in such a peculiar manner, and his grim expression as he paced in short turns along the margin indicated a determination to stay until he had seen the matter through.

Minutes passed. But for the sight of the great cat glaring down at him through the all too transparent water it would have been a monotonous time. There was nothing to do but lie quietly and suck through the reed, then expel the air from his nostrils in a burst of bubbles. In the quietness the fish ventured from their hiding places and swam timidly above him. Dick chuckled inwardly as he blew a blast from his nostrils and watched the startled creatures dart to cover.

"I'm a good deal like a fish myself," he thought, "and that old lion sitting on

his haunches up there is like a fisherman waiting for a bite (to give a bite). Wouldn't he be tickled to hook me one some way?"

Though the joke might be on the lion it was tiresome business waiting for him to realize the fact and go away. Dick recalled stories that his uncle had told concerning the persistence of the veldt kings where they thought they had a wrong to avenge, and the mere fact of this one's being abroad in the daytime showed that he was an individual of unusual boldness.

At the end of another half hour of gazing up at the lion placidly settled on guard, the boy felt decidedly uncomfortable and worried. The steady pressure of the water on his eardrums was spreading in areas of shooting pain on each side of his head, while his roundabout method of breathing was cumbersome and tiring at best. Worst of all was the uncertainty of mind as to the outcome while penned like a mudturtle at the bottom of the pool by the obstinate beast above.

"I'm going to do something and try him out, at least," he told himself finally. "Perhaps he hates water so much that he'll not venture in at all."

Dick knew that if he stood erect his head would be above water and he would be rid of all the discomfort of his eardrums and his breathing. Shifting his position, he crouched, then slowly straightened up. The lion, watching the maneuver, did the same. With his final movement Dick thrust his head above the surface and drew a deep breath.

He saw the lion hesitate but a moment before he crouched and sprang straight for the center of the pool. Quick as the tawny form had been, the lad had seen the motion and ducked to the bottom before the great splash broke above. The force of the leap carried the beast under but away from the center, toward the other bank, up which he scrambled with a great scattering of water.

His passage left Dick untouched except that the extended reed had been knocked from his hand and now floated on the surface uncomfortably close to the bank where the lion was vigorously shaking himself. At first the boy had realized his loss with a start of terror now he could no longer remain in safety at the bottom but must save himself the best he could by his quickness. But with the thought had come something of exhilaration. In his first brush of dodging he had evaded the great cat and now he would see who was best at their unique game of hide and seek. Simultaneously with the inspiration he popped his head above water.

The lion snarled at him and took a step nearer the bank, but stopped to shake his head crossly. At his form

plunge, water had settled irritatingly in the cavities of his ears. He was in no humor to repeat the experience, but gazed morosely at the face watching him from the pool.

Thus they stood till the lion at length settled again into a posture of comfortable watching as if to say, "I'll stick it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Dick scowled impotently at his foe's procedure. "You old villain," he said aloud, "if I had hold of a good gun you wouldn't be taking life so free and easy."

Then his face broke into a smile as he thought of the absurdity of his position. "Coming up in life a little," he chuckled. "First I was a fish down on the bottom and now I'm a frog with my nose above water, but it looks as if I'd have to sprout wings and be a bird to get away from here."

He was much more comfortable in body, he could breathe easily and the weight on his eardrums was gone, but the sun was steadily lowering in the west, and once darkness fell, crossing the veldt on foot would be most perilous. To remain in the pool till morning would be almost as dangerous, for he might not be able to withstand the chill upland night.

As the minutes passed he became steadily more uneasy. If only there were some way to persuade that much-too-persistent lion to remove to parts unknown. But the lion seemed in no mood to go until he had obtained revenge for the attempt on his royal life. He rose, growling, at any movement of Dick's toward the farther bank, making it quite plain that there was no chance of escape that way.

"Oh, for a gun," sighed the boy again. But as wishing was no good he racked his brain for a plan.

"I haven't a thing with me," he thought morosely. "If I only had a pistol . . ."

Nevertheless he began to fumble through his water-logged pockets. Here were some pulpy scraps of paper, and here his little rubber comb. He glanced at the comb and then at the maned lion with a flicker of amusement in his eyes.

"I guess you need currying bad enough, old woolly neck, but I'll let the job out to somebody else."

Next after the comb came the pocket mirror, and he smiled rather ruefully as he saw in it the image of his draggled head. As he turned to one side the glass caught and flashed into his eyes the rays of the westering sun. He paused as if transfixed.

"I'll try it," he cried aloud.

"Have a squint at yourself, old timer," he shouted, turning the beam full in the lion's eyes.

The great beast snarled and shook his head, but his gaze, as always, swept automatically back to his quarry, only to be stung again by the dancing ray of light. He repeated his snarl and struck

out with unsheathed claws, but the gadfly of light still darted maddeningly into his pupils. If he had turned his back to the pool the annoyance would have ceased, but apparently he did not consider the possibility of taking his eyes from his enemy.

Again and again he struck at the daz-zling will-o'-the-wisp that flashed and snapped so irritatingly at the sensitive nerve endings of his retina. He was rapidly losing his temper. This was a most intolerably impudent insect that refused to be scared away with all his show of force. A slash too near his cheek, and an extended claw ripped a slight gash.

This was too much. The king of beasts dissolved in a whirlwind of rage that tore up earth and turf, sending a shower of pebbles into the pool. The outburst ended as abruptly as it had begun for the lion is too wise a creature to make a fool of himself for long. Then as he stood staring a little dazedly at the pool, the shaft of light lashed him in the eyes.

This was more than enough. With a bound he was started, and Dick grinned to see the tawny streak mount the rise of land and disappear over the top.

"Goodbye till we meet again," called the lad as he came dripping out of the pool and picked up his gun. When he had pried out the defective cartridge and snapped another in place he drew a long breath.

"Some experience, I'll say, but maybe I was mostly to blame for starting it. Anyway, I'm not a bit sorry I had my little peek-a-boo glass along."

Why Was the Piper Pied?

BY MARJORIE COOK

The tale of a merry "Pied Piper", of old,

The people of Hamelin Town tell,
How he rid them of rats, without using
cats,

And stole all the children as well.

The children came back, — so that's not
very sad,

But what I have wanted to know,
Is — why do they say this fine piper
was "pied"?

Did he come in a jacket of dough?

Or is it that he had eaten a plenty

Of pies and tartlets with jam in,
And they read in his eyes he'd been
gobbling pies,
And called him "Pied Piper of
Hamelin"?

A Little Too Soon

BY LOUISE WILSON (AGE 10)

MAMA ROBIN was perching on a fence when up flew Daddy Robin and said, "I think it is time to begin making a nest." "So do I," agreed Mama Robin.

St. Elmo's Lights

By Minna Irving

EVERY sailor is a bit frightened when he sees St. Elmo's lights for the first time. These weird greenish balls of fire, which sometimes play about a ship's mast, are variously called "corposants" and "jack-o'-lanterns." Even the toughest old salt that ever trimmed a sail or hummed a chantey cannot repress a thrill of superstitious terror when he sees one. A prolonged and violent storm preceded by intense cold and followed by a hurricane wind produce the atmospheric conditions most favorable to the appearance of the lights which seem to prefer a sailing-ship to a steamer. The theory generally accepted by sea captains about these lights is that the electricity originating in the cold and heightened by the water or snow of the storm is crystallized by the gale when it is caught on the extremities of the ship and formed into balls which move about until they come in contact with an attraction which "switches" them off in another direction. The latitude of the Azores is the particular place where the lights are most likely to be seen, and yard-arms are their favorite play-grounds. They usually show first in the cross-trees, from which they go rolling out to the yard-arms and back, or dance to and fro on the trucks, the bowsprit end or the end of the spanker boom. Sometimes the flickering ball of fire will leap from one spar to another, or, dropping to the deck, roll swiftly across it and dart up the rigging on the opposite side, for all the world like a monkey. The ball is about as big as a football, and is never still. When a number of them are visible the spars, ropes and sails are illuminated by a pale bluish-green phosphorescent light, very ghostly and terrifying against the black background of a starless sky. Every time a gust of wind strikes the ship they disappear, but immediately reappear when the gust has passed.

Autumn's on the Mountains

BY EDITH MIRICK

Autumn's on the mountains

Daubing chrome, dull red,

Russet and vermilion

Rashly! Overhead

Clouds of clean, white cotton

Drowse where azure skies

Blend with blue-hazed hilltops.

Brooding stillness lies

On each crest. Each valley's

Steeped in crimson hush.

Autumn's on the mountains

With her reckless brush.

THE BEACON

W. FORBES ROBERTSON, ACTING EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

One Word Too Many

There is one word too many in the dictionary. It should be taken out of the dictionary and out of every boy's and every girl's speech. That word is "*can't*." Now "*can't*" means, according to the dictionary, "not able to," but as a matter of fact when we say "*can't*," we usually mean either "*won't*," or "*afraid to*," or "*ought not to*." When we say "*I can't learn this lesson*," we usually mean "*I won't try long enough to do it*." When we say, "*I can't learn to swim*," we mean "*I am afraid to try*." When we say, "*I can't go out*," we usually mean "*I ought not to go out*." So you see, we are not saying what we mean, and that is not really honest. Let's throw away, forever, the word "*can't*," and when we are tempted to use it, use one of these other *honest* words, instead. Very soon we shall see how foolish that word "*can't*" really is.

THE EDITOR.

A Seven-Hundred-Mile Line Fence

BY ESTHER ELLIS REEKS

THE line fence separating the ground of adjoining landowners is a common thing; but probably the longest line fence in this or any other country is the one dividing the possessions of Uncle Sam from those of his southern neighbor, Mexico.

This fence is of barbed wire and is seven hundred miles in length. It extends from El Paso, Texas, on the east, to the surf of the Pacific Ocean on the west, with stone monuments bearing inscriptions in both Spanish and English set at frequent intervals.

While this fence as shown on a map would run in an almost straight line east and west, it has many ups and downs. In some places it crosses low desert plains, in others rugged mountain ranges. On one side, along the more inhabited regions, there are cultivated lands reclaimed by irrigation and occupied by an industrious, satisfied people. On the other side, the country is more often in its original desert condition, while its people show little ambition for anything but revolution.

The Mexican boundary line has always been a trouble zone for Uncle Sam. Greater peace has prevailed there during the past four years than during almost any other period of equal length in the history of the two countries. It is sincerely to be hoped that this will continue under the present Mexican administration.

The Twins' Father and Mother
Try Coasting

OUR ATTIC,
January 11, 1926.

Dear Charles and Marjorie:

Well, here we are again! It certainly must be fun down in Florida. Why don't you ask your dad to send you an alligator or an ostrich or bananas or oranges? Mother said they have lots and lots of those things down there. We haven't done much of anything lately. The house is all shingled and we have thrown all the old ones in the cellar. Too bad, because it snowed very hard last Wednesday and they would have been all covered up so that we couldn't find them, and we wouldn't have had to throw a lot of them into the cellar. We have been coasting after school every day. Dad and Mother took my flexible flyer, the other night when it was very dark, and went out coasting. Dad was steering but he forgot how to steer and when they went over a bump they both fell off and broke the sled. Both Dad and Mother have been limping ever since, but I guess they were not hurt very much. I got a new, bigger sled.

Your loving cousins,

HARRIET AND PAUL.

The Rock of Ages

BY MINNA IRVING

THE Rock of Ages stands at Blagdon, near Bristol, England, and untouched by time or change presents much the same appearance that it did over one hundred and fifty years ago when it inspired the famous hymn. It is a rough, gray mass of granite partly covered with scanty grass and brambles, and rises abruptly beside the lonely road winding through Burrington Combe.

More than a century and a half ago, the Reverend Augustus Toplady was walking along this road when he was overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm. He took refuge in a cleft of the huge rock and remained there quite dry until the shower was over. While thus sheltered by the friendly rock, and waiting for the rain to cease, he whiled away the time composing a part of the verses, which, when afterward completed at home and set to music, became the celebrated hymn that has cheered thousands of Christians in the hour of dissolution.

A brass tablet was placed on the rock a few years ago, bearing the inscription:—

"In Memory of Augustus Montague Toplady, clerk in holy orders, author of the hymn "Rock of Ages," curate in sole charge of this parish 1762-64, whose remains now lie buried beneath Whitefield Memorial Church, London."



THE BOOKSHELF

"Barry and Budd"

Mr. Silvers, the author of "Barry and Budd" is one of America's best-known writers of school and college stories; his books are very popular with young people throughout the country.

This latest book of his takes up the adventures and pastimes in the summer vacation of some of the same boys and girls that he has written of previously. They will seem like old friends to those of you who have already become acquainted with them. There is Barry Browning, a leader among the girls in her school, a spirited and straightforward girl who is full of fun of a wholesome sort; Budd Smith, a fine chap, good natured to a degree, and yet with a certain strength underlying it all; Andy Kirk, who is athletic, a bit quick-tempered and therefore rather difficult to get along with, and many others of the same school group.

They all have a glorious summer together—the boys camping out up in the mountains at Lumber Lake, while the girls and their chaperon live in a cottage nearby. They spend most of their time on the water, with much swimming, boating and fishing, and have exciting adventures on delightful long cruises in a large motor launch. Behind all their fun and play, there is a mystery which they finally solve after a thrilling series of events.

BARRY AND BUDD. By Earl Reed Silvers. D. Appleton & Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.75.

A Wise Old Owl

A wise old owl sat in an oak
The more he saw the less he spoke.
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Oh, that we were more like that
wise old bird!

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The Butterfly World in Winter

By Esther Ellis Reeks

HAROLD came in from play, one January day, to announce that he had a new specimen for his butterfly collection. "I've never dreamed before of finding them in winter," he said, and laid the creature on the book-case near the fireplace.

That evening he thought of the butterfly and was about to place it in his collection when he noticed that its wings were moving.

"Geel!" he exclaimed, "I thought this creature was dead, and now it's coming alive. 'Must have been frozen stiff, but it's still able to wiggle!"

"What kind of a butterfly is it? and where did you get it?" asked his uncle Bert, coming up to look at the specimen, a large one with beautiful dark wings edged with pale yellow.

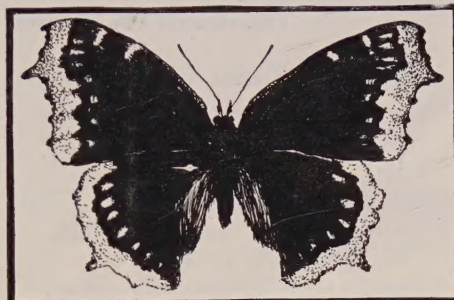
"It's a Mourning Cloak, and I found it among the dead leaves under one of the bushes in the garden," replied Harold. "I certainly did think it was dead, but it moves when I touch it."

His uncle smiled. "You have heard of bears sleeping through the winter—hibernating, we call it—haven't you? Well, it may surprise you to know that certain

a snake does. Then a time comes when they go into the ground or attach themselves to some convenient object and change to the pupa or chrysalis stage. In this condition, they seem perfectly lifeless, though certain changes are still going on, and by and by, the case or cocoon opens and the worm comes out a butterfly."

"I know," put in Harold; "I saw one do it last summer."

"Well, with some species, just the eggs winter over; with others, the caterpillars; with others, the pupae; while with



MOURNING CLOAK BUTTERFLY

still others, there may be some of all three. Whichever way it is, Nature sees to it that there are a sufficient number of eggs, caterpillars, or pupae in the fall to ensure a continuation of the species the following season, even though the greater number meet with fatal accidents during the winter. Then those that live over, waken and emerge from egg or pupa cases at the time the proper food is ready for them, and the cycle of life begins again as in the summer before.

"But there are certain other species that survive the winter months as butterflies. All of these, however, do not hibernate as does the Mourning Cloak; some, like the birds, travel south in autumn, to return again to the more northern regions with the coming of spring. Even scien-

The Man from China

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

LAST summer a man from China came to our little village and he told the children stories about the boys and girls who live in China; he told us all many things besides stories that were extremely interesting. He was a laughing, pleasant kind of a stranger and came to America because he wished to study in an American college. His hair was black.

He says that in China, when the little boys and girls go to school, the teachers tell them that if they could dig a hole straight through the earth, they would come out in a land called the United States. The teachers in China tell the children in their schools that when little

tists have not yet become sufficiently acquainted with the habits of all butterflies to know how many do this; but it is known that both the Painted Lady and the Monarch or Milkweed butterflies are among the number.

"Last spring, there was a week during which people living on the outskirts of Denver, Colorado, reported seeing clouds of Painted Ladies drifting by at various hours of the day. Probably some of these spread out and remained in the region, while others continued on toward the north. Near San Diego, California, there are a number of trees, commonly known as "butterfly trees," which have been used for years by great numbers of Monarch butterflies as resting places during their spring and autumn migrations to and from the tropics where they winter."

"Well," remarked Harold, "I've learned a great deal about butterflies today, if it is January! After this I'm going to keep my eyes open to see what I can discover for myself about the winter habits of butterflies, and I hope in the spring I too can see some of them migrating."

boys and girls are getting up in the morning, the little boys and girls in the United States are saying good-night and going to bed; because when it is daytime in China, it is nighttime away off the other side of the world in the United States.

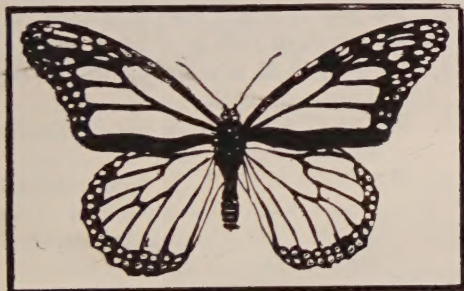
The man from China told us that the children in his land often laugh and wonder what the children in the United States would think if a little boy or girl from China should suddenly pop up through a hole dug all the way through the earth from China. He used to laugh about this himself when he was a little boy at home.

Of course when this man from China came to America, he sailed over the Pacific Ocean in a big ship, and didn't even think about coming by way of a hole dug through the earth.

The man from China told the children of our village that when he reached America he couldn't help laughing because Americans do not all have black hair. He said it seemed funny to him to see little boys and girls with yellow hair and brown hair and red hair and hair of all colors. He told us that in China all the boys and girls have black hair, and think that black is really the only proper color for hair.

We liked that man from China; and he told us that even if our ways are different in America and we eat with knives and forks and have hair of different shades, he likes us too.

And what he said is true; if we were better acquainted with China folks and China folks were better acquainted with us, we would like each other well enough, because hearts are the same, all over the world.



MONARCH BUTTERFLY

butterflies hibernate also. The Mourning Cloak is one of these. This one was in this state of suspended animation when you discovered it, and the warmth of the room has waked it up before the proper time. Had you left it out of doors, it would have continued in an apparently lifeless condition until early in April, when the warm spring sunshine would have called it forth to feed on the sap oozing from wounds in the bark of trees."

"Really, do butterflies sleep like bears in winter?" queried Harold, incredulously. I used to wonder what became of them all in the fall, but I decided that they just died and others came to take their places in the spring."

"Some do," returned his uncle; "but the habits of all species are not alike. Of course you know something of the life history of butterflies and moths in general. The adult butterfly lays many eggs. In the course of time, these hatch out as small worms or caterpillars, which live for a time in this state, growing larger and occasionally changing their skins as



Dear Members of The Beacon Club:
Well, we have letters from all over the country this week! And aren't we all glad to welcome these members! But how are we going to let them know how glad we are unless we write to them? They have asked us to write, so let's show them we are glad to have them in our growing club!

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

WALPOLE, N. H.,
LOCK BOX 1.

Dear Editor:—I am enclosing a two-cent stamp for another Beacon pin because I have lost mine.

I belong to the Unitarian Church of Walpole and enjoy it very much.

I am going to send a story later for *The Beacon*.

I am fourteen years old.

Sincerely yours,

LILLIAN WARN.

15404 ARCADE AVE.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Dear Editor:—I wish I could join The Beacon Club. I like the Cross-word Puzzles and the stories best. I hope you will send me a pin.

I am in the third grade in Sunday School at Mr. Lupton's church. My teacher is Miss Mary Key. I am seven years old and I think I should join The Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,

HELLMUTH KIRCKSCHLAGER.

Townsend, Mass.

Dear Editor:—I should like to be a member of The Beacon Club. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. I have a friend who is a member of The Beacon Club and I should like to be one, too.

Your friend,

VERA LEGAY.

1183 Newton St.,
Mt. Pleasant,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor: Would you like me for a Beaconite? I am seven and attend the beautiful National Unitarian Church—All Souls—at Washington. We have movies in our Sunday School, isn't that nice? I read *The Beacon* every Sunday.

JOY AUTHIER.

Dear Contributors: We have two promising "cubs" in our ranks. Some day, perhaps, they will be full fledged reporters, and will wear a reporter's badge, and be able to get inside the lines at a fire and all that sort of thing. They are Harold Willard Gleason and Louise Luscher.

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

My Silent Chum

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

On the porch lives my chum Nancy.
Mother says she's just a fancy—
What that means, I'm not quite certain;
So on that we'll draw the curtain.
This, however, is a fact:
Nancy's noted for her tact;
Never speaks so grown-ups hear,
Nor comes out when they are near.
But with me, she plays most merrily—
We enjoy each other thoroughly!

Lucky Boy

BY LOUISE LUSCHER (Age 11)

Johnny went to the dentist,
A picture of despair,
But came out smiling broadly;
The dentist wasn't there.

201 MECHANIC ST.,
FITCHBURG, MASS.

Dear Editor:—I should like to become a member of The Beacon Club. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. I go to the Unitarian Church in Fitchburg. Our minister's name is Rev. Howard Pease. My Sunday School teacher's name is Miss Gough. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday.

Sincerely yours,

RUTH LAITENEN.

E. Pepperell, Mass.

Dear Editor: I should like to belong to The Beacon Club. I am nine years old and go to the Community Church. Our Sunday School class of ten pupils graduated from the Primary Department to the Junior Department. It was Rally Sunday today.

I enjoy reading *The Beacon*. I like both the stories and puzzles and when I am through with them my mother sends them to Wisconsin to my cousins.

Your little friend,

CHARLOTTE C. LANE.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles
Enigma.—Samuel Adams.

Enigma.—1. dozen; 2. son; 3. empty; 4. work; 5. quick; 6. dog; 7. five; 8. joke; 9. lux; 10. alphabet.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Enigma

I am composed of eleven letters.

My 1-2-3 is a broad, shallow dish.

My 7-8-9 is a container sometimes used for vegetables.

My 5-6 is a shortened name for a parent.

My 11-10-5-1 is a device for producing artificial light.

My whole is a marvel of engineering.

Enigma

1. I am composed of 40 letters.
2. My 29-2-18-8 is a period of time.
3. My 30-33-10-1-36 is a tale.
4. My 1-38-12-25 is the name of an Old Testament book.
5. My 21-37-5-28-9-30 is one of Paul's Epistles.
6. My 34-20-23-31-21 is how children should regard their parents. One of the Ten Commandments. See Exodus 20.
7. My 32-28-22-39-13 is one of the Fruits of the Spirit mentioned in Gal. 5:22.
8. My 18-3-7-22-15-28 is the name of a continent and a patriotic song.
9. My 5-37-9-26-14 is something everyone wants but which may be harmful if misused. See I Tim. 6:10.
10. My 11-28-19-15-40 is what we are commanded to do lest we fall into temptation. See Matthew 26:41.
11. My 24-38-4-30-27-18-35 is one of the days of the week.
12. My 13-17-16-6 is a plant for the service of man.
13. My whole is a Bible verse all young people should keep in mind.

Castine, Maine.

Dear Editor: I should like to be a member of The Beacon Club. I am thirteen years old and I go to the Unitarian Church and Sunday School at Castine, Maine. My teacher's name is Mrs. Clements, and our minister's name, Mr. Mullar.

Yours truly,

BERNICE A. HARVEY.